The Scapegoat

[Part One]

THE DOCTOR: Come on, come on. Lucie! Lucie! How much longer does she need?
LUCIE MILLER: Bonjour, monsieur.
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, you look very, very
LUCIE MILLER: Say cheap and I'll have you.
THE DOCTOR: Formidable.
LUCIE MILLER: I like to dress for the occasion. And, you know, a night at Le Moulin Rouge, don't want to look like a petit déjeuner du chien.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, tie us up at the back, will you? Dunno how you're supposed to get these corsets on without a maid servant in attendance.
THE DOCTOR: You're not.
LUCIE MILLER: Ooo!
THE DOCTOR: Sorry.
LUCIE MILLER: Not so tight. I do have ribs, you know.
THE DOCTOR: Ça va?
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? Oh, oui, oui. Très bien. We there yet?
THE DOCTOR: Nearly.
(The Tardis stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: That doesn't sound right.
THE DOCTOR: No, it doesn't.
(Tardis engines start.)
THE DOCTOR: That said.
LUCIE MILLER: Paris?
THE DOCTOR: Assurément. Voilà! La Côte du Seine.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah. Cut the French bit. You'll blow up the TARDIS translation circuits or something. Why the blackout?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure.
LUCIE MILLER: And why are we hanging in mid-air? Ewen McGregor can't be seducing me from fifteen hundred feet, you know.
THE DOCTOR: It's like there's an obstruction in Space-Time. Or a diversion.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah, you don't know. Je ne comprend pas.
THE DOCTOR: I rather think we should dematerialise and try for Eighteen-Ninety-Nine again.
(Tardis dematerialisation. Bang. Alarm.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, what's it gone and done now.
THE DOCTOR: A massive power source is dragging us out of the sky.
LUCIE MILLER: What, straight down?
THE DOCTOR: Straight down!
LUCIE MILLER: You're saying we're going to crash?
THE DOCTOR: Unless I can free the gyroscopic controls.
LUCIE MILLER: We're going to crash.
THE DOCTOR: Brace yourself, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: I mean it!
LUCIE MILLER: Zut alors.

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, that was close.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not kidding.
THE DOCTOR: Mind the gap.
(Walking forwards.)
THE DOCTOR: Gyroscopic controls a little bit rusty, I'm afraid.
LUCIE MILLER: Rusty? We nearly saw the sights of Paris from the point of view of the smear on the ground.
THE DOCTOR: Still, at least they engaged.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah - twelve inches from destruction.
THE DOCTOR: Now stop moaning. Give me your hand.

(Slight grunt of movement.)
LUCIE MILLER: Cheers. Oh. Bit quiet, innit?
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's the dead of night.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: But what interests me more is...
(Sonic screwdriver operated.)
THE DOCTOR: ...who is dragging Time-Space vessels off course in the Nineteenth Century.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. What are you doing with that thing now?
THE DOCTOR: I'm looking for the power source responsible.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah? I'm looking for Ewen McGregor.
THE DOCTOR: Humans. You'll amount to nothing until you learn to control your primitive urges.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, yeah, yeah. I'll get me to a nunnery. Oh! Dead Paris. It's creepy. Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Just a minute.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's up? Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I'm reading.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Posters. What is it - bill stickers will be prosecuted? (Laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: Here, see for yourself.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. On the twenty-fifth of August, a member of the ... Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: A member of the German High Command was murdered by persons unknown. By way of reprisal I have ordered once more that fifty hostages be shot. Signed, General Ernst Schaumburg, Commandant of Greater Paris.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God.

LEUTNANT: Herr Major?
(Yes, that is the correct spelling of the German equivalent of Lieutenant.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Calvados Savaloy, Leutnant. Flores finest. That's what you've made me abandon.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major?
MAJOR TREPTOW: This had better not be another flock of starlings over Notre Dame.
LEUTNANT: No, no, no, Herr Major, it is this.
(Buzzing of transmitter.)
LEUTNANT: It just came out of nowhere, Herr Major.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Hmm. Connect me to position-finding bases at Brest, Auschburgen, Nuremberg.
LEUTNANT: Immediately.
(Whirring of ancient telephone dialling.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: This is Treptow. The Heimerstatz Poliza Headquarters, Paris. I want a triangulation on signal three five six five kilohertz.
LEUTNANT: Er, also on four seven three eight kilohertz.
MAJOR TREPTOW: What!
LEUTNANT: Nine eight two three kilohertz, seven three six two - I don't understand.
MAJOR TREPTOW: What is going on?
LEUTNANT: It's transmitting on all these frequencies. I've never known anything like it.
MAJOR TREPTOW: An Allied aircraft, perhaps. But a most unusual one.

LUCIE MILLER: The Moulin Rouge, I said. Nicole Kidman. Ewan McGregor. The Duke des Pommes-Frites.
THE DOCTOR: We don't have time for this.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, but where does he bring me? Nazi-occupied Paris, that's where.
THE DOCTOR: Back inside the TARDIS, now.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Yeah, you're right.
THE DOCTOR: Come on.
(The sound of a fairground carousel.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: Except the TARDIS is, where?
THE DOCTOR: It was where that is.
LUCIE MILLER: That being the traditional fairground carousel that appeared when our backs were turned.
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS's chameleon circuit must have accidentally engaged.

LUCIE MILLER: Chameleon? You mean, that's the TARDIS?
THE DOCTOR: But something must be really wrong. It shouldn't be this conspicuous.
LUCIE MILLER: You're telling me. Doctor, that thing's going to bring half the German army down on us if we don't get a move on.
THE DOCTOR: Probably.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. So if that's the TARDIS, let's ... er ... How do we get in?

(Telephone rings, again.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Get that, Leutnant.
(Receiver lifted.)
LEUTNANT: Triangulation coming in now, Herr Major. The object appears to have landed in Sector Seven.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Montmartre?
LEUTNANT: It's a maze round there, Herr Major. Place Pigalle, Rue Chaptal, Rue Baroque ... the device could have landed in any of them.
MAJOR TREPTOW: And there are no reports of enemy planes crash-landing in the district?
LEUTNANT: Not so far, Herr Major.
(Receiver replaced.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: No sightings from our own observers?
LEUTNANT: Apparently not, Herr Major.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Strange. I should have thought an Allied secret aircraft would stand out, even amongst the exotic sights of the Pigalle. Oh, very well. Have the radio tracking car brought around.
LEUTNANT: You're going over there, Herr Major?
MAJOR TREPTOW: *We* are going over there, Leutnant. I want this aircraft found, and its crew apprehended.

(Carousel music playing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'm not standing here like a lemon.
THE DOCTOR: What do you think you're doing?
LUCIE MILLER: We can't climb in, so all we can do is climb on, right?
THE DOCTOR: This is insane.
(LUCIE MILLER grunts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, it's like a donkey ride down the Golden Mile. Gee up, Razzmatazz.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, that won't help.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. I've done something. It's moving.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, get down off there.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah, there Razz.
THE DOCTOR: This can't be right.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, I have to say, I like the new look TARDIS. It'll be pretty cool flying around the galaxy on this, instead of some old blue box.
(The fairground sound is gradually getting quicker.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, whatever that is, it's got nothing to do with the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: What? But you said ... Then what the heck is it? Hey ... it's getting faster.
THE DOCTOR: A hologram, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: A hologram!
LUCIE MILLER: Seems pretty real to me.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, what am I thinking? A quantagram.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah, slow down, Razz. Oh, slow down, will you?
THE DOCTOR: It's a quantagram, a sort of physical hologram, real but not real, like a stage set in a theatre.
LUCIE MILLER: Theatre? Whoah! It's too fast! I can't get off!
THE DOCTOR: Hold on, I'm coming.
LUCIE MILLER: (crying out) Doctor!

(Carousel sound coming through surveillance equipment.)
DOC BAROQUE: I disguised the capsule just in time, Mother, before the Nazis took an interest.
MOTHER BAROQUE: What? You think a fairground carousel is unlikely to attract attention? Stupid boy.

(A slap.)
DOC BAROQUE: (bleating like a goat) Baa!
MOTHER BAROQUE: Don't bleat. You'll have to translocate the capsule, before the Gestapo come calling.
DOC BAROQUE: Yes, Mother.
MOTHER BAROQUE: And find another quantagram to hide it behind. Something less conspicuous.
DOC BAROQUE: Of course, Mother.
LUCIE MILLER: (speaker) Doctor! Please hurry!
MOTHER BAROQUE: Wait! What is that?
LUCIE MILLER: (speaker) Doctor, I'm going to be sick!
DOC BAROQUE: A human, riding one of the horses.
MOTHER BAROQUE: What? From the capsule?
DOC BAROQUE: Must be. Young, energetic prey.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Control yourself.
DOC BAROQUE: Sorry, Mother. You know I'm always like this in the hunting season.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Yes, I can smell the testosterone. You've been scent-marking again.
LUCIE MILLER: (speaker) I am, you know. I'm gonna heave!
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Just hold on, Lucie. I can't get a grip.
DOC BAROQUE: That must be the pilot.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Yes. Translocate the girl here, I think.
DOC BAROQUE: And do what with her? Kill her?
MOTHER BAROQUE: No. I've got a better idea.

THE DOCTOR: Lucie, you have to jump.
LUCIE MILLER: You're joking.
THE DOCTOR: I'll catch you.
LUCIE MILLER: At this speed? I'll break both our necks.
THE DOCTOR: Trust me.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, something's happening.
THE DOCTOR: Jump!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...!
(Her voice fades away.)
THE DOCTOR: Vanished into thin air.
(Vehicles driving.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, this is all I need.
(Door of vehicle opens, closed. Marching over.)
LEUTNANT: Halt! Unidentified airman!
MAJOR TREPTOW: You are under arrest.
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, I quite understand.
(Click of guns.)
THE DOCTOR: Is it hands up, or on head?

(Tapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? What's that?
(Tapping on door.)
WOMAN: Ten minutes.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I heard you the first ... Hang on. Where the hell am I?
WOMAN: Ten minutes. No longer.
LUCIE MILLER: Phoah! Smells like a farm or something in here.
WOMAN: Hurry, hurry!
LUCIE MILLER: Wait a minute. Smells like a farm, looks like ... a dressing room in a theatre?
(Tapping on door.)
MAX PAUL: My dear? Are you decent?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know ... (Calling) Yeah! Probably!
MAX PAUL: Then I may enter?
LUCIE MILLER: Reckon. So long as you're gonna tell me...
(The door opens as she speaks.)
LUCIE MILLER: ...where in the name of chuff I ... am.
(Walking in.)

MAX PAUL: Oh my dear. Are you well?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... my ... God.
MAX PAUL: Is something the matter?
LUCIE MILLER: No. No, really. Oh my God.
MAX PAUL: Oh! You know who I am.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
(MAX PAUL laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ewan bleeding McGregor.
MAX PAUL: Who?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no. Oh, piggin' hell.
MAX PAUL: I am sorry to have disappointed you.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm dreaming, aren't I? I had a bang on the head or something, when I fell off that horse, I expect.
MAX PAUL: A horse?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah. It's all coming back. Come to think of it, you only look a bit like him, anyway.
MAX PAUL: You've had a fall?
LUCIE MILLER: The eyes, mind, the eyes are good.
MAX PAUL: You should sit down. (Calling) Baroque? Baroque!
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
MAX PAUL: And I must find a dresser, just to loosen your corsets.
LUCIE MILLER: It's all right. I don't mind if you want to have a go yourself.
MAX PAUL: Pardon?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it is a dream. Might as well have some fun before I wake up in some gutter in Nazi France.
MAX PAUL: Oh my dear. But we are in the gutter in Nazi France.
LUCIE MILLER: We are?
MAX PAUL: (calling) Baroque!
(Walking in.)
DOC BAROQUE: I heard you the first time.
(LUCIE MILLER screams.)
DOC BAROQUE: Stop that. Please, stop that!
(LUCIE MILLER continues to scream.)
DOC BAROQUE: Max!
MAX PAUL: My dear ... would you mind?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Sorry, it's just something I do in nightmares, especially when I see a man with a goat's head and that. Oh, weird.
MAX PAUL: Your scream is very beautiful.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Erm, what about the rest of me?
DOC BAROQUE: Welcome to the Theatre des Baroques. I am Doctor Baroque, Master of Ceremonies. Max is right. You scream so very well.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on. Is that face real? It isn't real. Is it?
MAX PAUL: The Theatre des Baroques is noted for its use of illusion.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, right. So it's just make-up and that? Mm. I really am awake, I guess.
MAX PAUL: She said she fell off her horse.
DOC BAROQUE: Horse?
LUCIE MILLER: Razzmatazz. Look, I've got to find the Doctor.
DOC BAROQUE: I'm sure it's only a mild concussion.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no, the Doctor. My Doctor.
DOC BAROQUE: You can't leave, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah? Why not? Hey. You said my name.
DOC BAROQUE: Well, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie. You said Lucie.
DOC BAROQUE: Yes. Lucie. You're in tonight's play.
LUCIE MILLER: Play?
MAX PAUL: Well, why do you think you're dressed like an aristocrat?
LUCIE MILLER: Er...
DOC BAROQUE: You're a prisoner in a dungeon at the height of the Revolution.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I don't know how I got here, but what I do know is, I've got to go.
DOC BAROQUE: Go, then. Just don't forget your papers.

LUCIE MILLER: Papers? But - I don't have any papers.
DOC BAROQUE: Dear oh dear oh dear. You won't get far without papers.
MAX PAUL: Especially if the Gestapo see you.
DOC BAROQUE: Especially dressed like that.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Oh yeah. Nazi-occupied Paris. I was forgetting that. Lucie Miller from Blackpool, that's going to go down a treat with the SS.
DOC BAROQUE: From Blackpool?
MAX PAUL: Look, you've had a bang on the head. Just get on and play your part, then afterwards we can help you find your papers. And your Doctor, if you like.
DOC BAROQUE: Oh yes, and your Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: I guess.
DOC BAROQUE: Well, that's all right then.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but ... I don't know what to say, you know, me lines.
DOC BAROQUE: Then improvise.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Like, pretend to be a tree or something?
MAX PAUL: You're only in the prison scene and again with the crowd at the end.
(Bell rings.)
DOC BAROQUE: Grief. Five minutes to curtain up. Look, you'll be playing opposite the finest actor in all Paris.
LUCIE MILLER: Who's that, then?
MAX PAUL: Actually, it's me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Right.
DOC BAROQUE: Max Paul, the idol of every girl in France.
MAX PAUL: Just follow my lead, Lucie, all will be well. The audience will love you. You have the prettiest face.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, have I?
DOC BAROQUE: Come on, come on.
MAX PAUL: And then we will find your Doctor. Please, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, go on then, you've twisted me arm.
(MAX PAUL gentle laugh.)
DOC BAROQUE: At last.
LUCIE MILLER: The prettiest face, you say?
MAX PAUL: Oh yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Result.

MAJOR TREPTOW: So, no papers, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Terribly sorry ... Major?
LEUTNANT: Herr Major.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry.
LEUTNANT: Major Treptow, of the Heimich Statzblitzei Headquarters.
THE DOCTOR: He's keen.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Do something useful, Leutnant. Go and...
THE DOCTOR: Secure the perimeter, perhaps?
MAJOR TREPTOW: Very good. Take the patrol and secure the perimeter.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major. You men, come with me and secure the perimeter.
(Walking off.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: And ... what is this device here, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: My sonic screwdriver? Oh, that's completely harmless.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Is it now? Ah but then, you would say that. I think it is a weapon.
THE DOCTOR: Really? Well then, if I were you I'd be a little careful with it.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Who are you with, Doctor? The SOE? The OSS? Hmm? Where is your aircraft hidden?
THE DOCTOR: One thing at a time, Major. Oh, and I wouldn't press the button on the end in particular...
MAJOR TREPTOW: Answer me!
(Sonic screwdriver whirr. MAJOR TREPTOW cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: Especially not when you're pointing it right at your own head.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major? Herr Major?
(Noise stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Bet that rattled your fillings. I think I'd best look after it, don't you?

LEUTNANT: Halt, halt!
THE DOCTOR: Bye-ee!
MAJOR TREPTOW: Stop him!
(Machine gun shots.)

(Chatter of theatre audience, sound of orchestra tuning up.)
ROGER: Oh ... Not long now.
HELENE: Isn't it thrilling. Roger?
ROGER: They say it's their worst play yet.
HELENE: Oh, Roger. They always say that.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. Max. Max! It's packed out.
MAX PAUL: Look, don't worry, Lucie, just - just be yourself.
LUCIE MILLER: Bet they're paying through the nose.
MAX PAUL: Who?
LUCIE MILLER: Them, in the private boxes, up top.
MOTHER BAROQUE: They are not in use.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh God. Another goat person. What sort of play is this, anyhow?
MAX PAUL: Erm, a fine one. Good evening, Mother Baroque.
LUCIE MILLER: Mother?
MOTHER BAROQUE: I look forward to hearing you scream.
(Walking away.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... Good make up that goat face, innit?
MAX PAUL: Erm, well...
LUCIE MILLER: And what's she mean, not in use? There's people up there, see?
MAX PAUL: Up where?
LUCIE MILLER: In them boxes.
MAX PAUL: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: They could be getting up to all sorts in there, you know.
MAX PAUL: Just compose yourself, Lucie. Please.

(Safety curtain being swished.)
ROGER: Oh God. The safety curtain.
HELENE: Honestly, Roger.
(ROGER whimpers.)
HELENE: How bad can it be?
ROGER: Well, the tobacconist, Henri - he said it was the worst thing he'd ever seen.
HELENE: Roger! Keep an open mind.
(ROGER whimpering.)

DOC BAROQUE: Now, how do I look, Mother?
MOTHER BAROQUE: Like you're about to burst out of that evening suit. But it does go so well with your horns.
DOC BAROQUE: All part of the image.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Stop preening yourself. Is everything ready?
DOC BAROQUE: Yes, Mother.
MOTHER BAROQUE: The guillotine?
DOC BAROQUE: Everything's ready. Go to your box, Mother.
MOTHER BAROQUE: I'm going, I'm going.
DOC BAROQUE: Right. Let's go and shock the pants off the humans ... I mean, realise our artistic dream.

(Organ music introduction, gasps.)
HELENE: Here we go!
ROGER: I can't bear it.
HELENE: Oh, grow up, Roger. It's him! Oh, Roger!
ROGER: I'm not looking.
HELENE: Doctor Baroque.
(Walking forwards.)
DOC BAROQUE: Ladies and gentlemen. For the cynics, the bored, the desensitised, you who

think you've seen it all, be warned. Something truly terrifying is coming your way.
MALE HECKLER: Better be, at these prices!
(Laughter.)
DOC BAROQUE: Oh. A comedian. Let me tell you, comedian, it's not the show that costs, it's cleaning the auditorium after.
(One laugh.)
DOC BAROQUE: Tonight and every night, we have a physician attending, should it all prove too much for the faint-hearted. Pray he lasts till the interval.
FEMALE HECKLER: Yeah, yeah, get on with it!
ANOTHER VOICE: Shh!
DOC BAROQUE: Our first play, the Executioner's Son, concerns the Reign of Terror. It features a man who has died on stage near ten thousand times, but never at the hands of the audience. I give you the star of the Théâtre des Baroques, the most assassinated man in the world, Max Paul.
(Cheering and applause.)
HELENE: Max! Max!
ROGER: Oh, no ... doesn't look all that to me...
DOC BAROQUE: Also for one night only, from Blackpool England, a most game girl.
(Some laughter.)
DOC BAROQUE: The spirited Lucie Miller.
(Applause.)
DOC BAROQUE: Our story begins in the condemned cell of the Bastille.

(Creaking door opened.)
MAX PAUL: Lucie. My beautiful friend. I am so sorry to find you here a prisoner.
(Manacles moving.)
LUCIE MILLER: Me too. These things are murder on me wrists.
(Audience laughter.)
MAX PAUL: Oh, Lucie, my sweet. It is so long since we were children in the fields of Provence.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
(More audience laughter.)
MAX PAUL: (whispering) Do ... do I know you, a common soldier.
LUCIE MILLER: (quietly) Oh yeah. (Louder) Do I know you, a common soldier?
MAX PAUL: But of course. We were lovers.
LUCIE MILLER: In your dreams.
MAX PAUL: Oh yes. Every night I would fantasise about you.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah, TMI - that's Too Much Information.
(More laughter.)
MAX PAUL: You remember me now?
MASTER BAROQUE: Mother, what is this Lucie creature?
MAX PAUL: ... The executioner's son?
MASTER BAROQUE: She's sending it up. Mehh!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah. Sorry. I'm rubbish with names.
MOTHER BAROQUE: No. No, she's good. La douche et ousese(??), the hot and cold shower, the comedy before the tragedy. She'll be screaming soon enough.
MAX PAUL: I thought you were the most beautiful girl in the world...
MASTER BAROQUE: I hope so. Baa!
MOTHER BAROQUE: You know what humans are like.
MAX PAUL: ... worship you from afar.
MOTHER BAROQUE: When one of them starts screaming, they all do.
(Snipping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Hey! What's with the scissors?
MAX PAUL: It is necessary to cut your hair to prepare you for the guillotine.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't I just wear a hat?
(Some laughter.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I mean it, pal.
MAX PAUL: Well, yes ... Yes, I suppose. With your hair up, wearing my soldier's cap, no-one would have reason to tell us apart.
LUCIE MILLER: I can think of two reasons, mate.
(Laughter.)

MAX PAUL: Now we must exchange clothes.
LUCIE MILLER: What? In front of all these people?
(Loud laughter.)
MAX PAUL: Er ... Well, ye-yes, you may undress in the next room. In this wig, and this filthy prisoner's smock, it is I who will go to my father's guillotine in your stead.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckling.)
LUCIE MILLER: You can't be serious.
MAX PAUL: Once outside you can lose yourself in the crowd. Now, go!
LUCIE MILLER: But what will happen to you?
MAX PAUL: The mob will still demand blood. They shall have mine instead.
LUCIE MILLER: But you can't give your life for a dream. That's mental.
MAX PAUL: Why not? For I am a fool for love!
(Applause.)
MASTER BAROQUE: Why don't they get on with it? Mehh!
MOTHER BAROQUE: It increases the anticipation.
MISS BAROQUE: Patience, brother. It's the execution scene next.

(Quick walking outside. Vehicle engine running.)
LEUTNANT: He must have gone that way, Herr Major. Further into Montmartre.
MAJOR TREPTOW: No, no. He is cunning. Turn about. Turn about, I say!
(Vehicle drives off.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.
TICKET TOUT: Excuse me, sir?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, sorry. I didn't see you in the shadows.
TICKET TOUT: It's just that I got the impression you were on the run from the Gestapo.
THE DOCTOR: Who, me? No, no. No. Nothing like...
TICKET TOUT: Because if you were, I might know a place you can hide out.
THE DOCTOR: Er - oh. Just out of interest, where might that be?
TICKET TOUT: The theatre, sir. I got tickets for them all. The Moulin Rouge, Le Grand Guignol, Le Chatelle Noir...
THE DOCTOR: I don't think so.
TICKET TOUT: Suit yourself. Good luck.
THE DOCTOR: No, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait - the theatre, you say?
TICKET TOUT: Interested, are you?
THE DOCTOR: Like a stage set in a theatre.
TICKET TOUT: Nearest to here is ... the Théâtre des Baroques. Tonight it's The Executioner's Son, Max Paul.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I've heard of *him.*
TICKET TOUT: Incomparable, he is.
THE DOCTOR: And the sets. I like a convincing set.
TICKET TOUT: They say you wouldn't know you weren't actually in the Place de la Revolution.
THE DOCTOR: I'll take two.
TICKET TOUT: Six francs, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Six?
TICKET TOUT: Times are hard in the agency business.
THE DOCTOR: Rip-off business, more like...
(Vehicle approaches.)
THE DOCTOR: Erm - I've only got a ten franc note.
TICKET TOUT: That'll do nicely.
LEUTNANT: There he is. Halt. Halt!
THE DOCTOR: Oh, thanks. Must dash.
(Running.)
TICKET TOUT: First alleyway left, second right, straight up, and to your left! Pleasure doing business with you, sir!
THE DOCTOR: And you!
MAJOR TREPTOW: After him! On foot, you fools. He's getting away!
(Running. Machine gun shots. Running)

LUCIE MILLER: No, no, he mustn't.
EXECUTIONER: I ... I cannot execute my own son.

MAX PAUL: You must, father, or face death yourself.
EXECUTIONER: No!
MAX PAUL: The mob are baying for blood ... I said, the mob are baying for blood.
(Audience shouts.)
MALE HECKLER: Come on, give us a bit of blood!
(More audience shouts.)
MALE HECKLER: Come on ... Come on now!
LUCIE MILLER: My love, I am not deserving of this gesture.
MAX PAUL: No. I shall prove myself worthy of your love. It is time for my date with Madame Guillotine.
(Winding movement to raise guillotine blade.)

MASTER BAROQUE: At last. Mehh!
MISS BAROQUE: Yes. Baa!
MOTHER BAROQUE: Enjoy it, my children. Enjoy the show.
(Much baa-ing.)

LUCIE MILLER: I can't look.
EXECUTIONER: My son, you must not make me do this.
MAX PAUL: For the clan Baroque. Do it!
(Blade descends. Slicing, dropping of head. Gasping from audience, silence.)
LUCIE MILLER: Max? Max, what do we do now?
ROGER: Oh ... Oh God ... it's horrible.
HELENE: Roger!
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, all right, it's not real.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Max? Oh my God!
(LUCIE MILLER screams. Audience start screaming too.)
LUCIE MILLER: Help! Help, somebody help! You!
DOC BAROQUE: And so as love lies bleeding in the Place de la Revolution...
LUCIE MILLER: For God's sake!
DOC BAROQUE: Get off. I bid you all good night, from the Théâtre des Baroques.
(Closing organ music.)

LUCIE MILLER: You maniac. It's all gone wrong. He's dead.
DOC BAROQUE: I know. You screamed beautifully, my dear.
LUCIE MILLER: You are sick.
DOC BAROQUE: Not half as sick as that lot. Baa!
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
DOC BAROQUE: Sorry. Sanson, help me with the body. You Lucie, be a love, fetch me his head.
LUCIE MILLER: Eugh ... I ... I am so out of here!
DOC BAROQUE: Suit yourself. Baa!

(Audience tumult.)
HELENE: A doctor! Please, a doctor! It's my husband! It's his heart!
THE DOCTOR: I'm a doctor. Lay him down.
(ROGER gasps.)
HELENE: His name's Roger. You have to help him.
THE DOCTOR: I am helping. Well, it's not his heart. It's a panic attack. Find a paper bag. Get him to breathe slowly into it, in and out.
ROGER: Panic attack?
HELENE: Oh Roger, you're pathetic.
THE DOCTOR: I take it I've missed the show?
ROGER: Oh, it was hideous. Hideous.
THE DOCTOR: Spare us the critique. You need to relax.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
HELENE: Oh, it's you. I didn't think much of you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, shut it.

THE DOCTOR: Lucie, what's wrong? Where have you been?
LUCIE MILLER: In a nightmare. Doctor, you won't believe what I have just seen.
THE DOCTOR: Show me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... all right. This way.
(Walking off.)

(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: I'm telling you. They cut his head off, for real. Oh God, poor Max.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, this would be the famous Max Paul, would it?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: The most assassinated man in the world. Lucie, in past performances he's been cut into pieces, crushed, shot by firing squads, stabbed, strangled and burned.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, I was there. And it was definitely not special effects.
THE DOCTOR: That's exactly what it was, Lucie. An illusion. A brilliant illusion like the carousel, but an illusion nonetheless.
LUCIE MILLER: What, like Derren Brown?
THE DOCTOR: Who?
LUCIE MILLER: If you say so. Still, I don't see how he can fake a beheading.
THE DOCTOR: Which way to his dressing-room?
LUCIE MILLER: Down here. So, you got any idea what this is all about?
THE DOCTOR: Not yet. First I've got to get the TARDIS back. The best they could do would be to translocate it a short distance within Montmartre, disguised with another quantagram.
LUCIE MILLER: What, like the carousel?
THE DOCTOR: Something that wouldn't look out of place in Paris. A Black Maria, a statue, a Morris column?
LUCIE MILLER: Morris who?
THE DOCTOR: Those tall cylinders covered in adverts. You know, like in The Third Man.
LUCIE MILLER: Who?
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter.
(Door opened.)
MAX PAUL: Pardon?
THE DOCTOR: Max Paul, I presume?
MAX PAUL: Yes, but - I don't...
LUCIE MILLER: So! You're alive, then?
MAX PAUL: Ah, Lucie. Mon cherie.
LUCIE MILLER: You total utter...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, no!
(A slap.)

LEUTNANT: We've been unable to locate the Doctor, Herr Major.
MAJOR TREPTOW: He would want to lose himself in a crowd. The theatres will be turning out about now.
LEUTNANT: But we cannot check them all. There are so many in this district. The Moulin Rouge, the Grand Guignol, the Théâtre des Baroques
MAJOR TREPTOW: Yes! I remember Doc Baroque from Berlin. He was of some assistance to Reichsmarschall Goering.
LEUTNANT: I don't understand.
MAJOR TREPTOW: He is a master of illusion. His trick was using camoflaugue techniques to make aircraft disappear.
LEUTNANT: You don't think that
MAJOR TREPTOW: No, Leutnant, *you* don't think. Bring your men and follow me.

MAX PAUL: Ow! Oh, Lucie. Cherie!
LUCIE MILLER: Cherie me again and I'll give you another!
THE DOCTOR: That's enough, Lucie. Max here is a star.
LUCIE MILLER: So?
THE DOCTOR: The photographs around your mirror. May I?
MAX PAUL: Oh yes. That's me, blown up in "Testing, Testing."
THE DOCTOR: And this one, you've been ... lynched?
MAX PAUL: Ah! "Last Post." My favourite. I played a killer who poses as an autograph hunter

putting arsenic on self-addressed envelopes and sending them to Hollywood stars.
THE DOCTOR: The star licks the arsenic on the envelope then posts the murder weapon back.
MAX PAUL: Yes!
THE DOCTOR: The perfect crime.
LUCIE MILLER: A homicidal fan-boy? Scary. But come on, a beheading is a bit heavier than a lynching.
MAX PAUL: I was impressed by your compassion, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: That wasn't a performance.
(MAX PAUL wincing.)
MAX PAUL: I know.
THE DOCTOR: But why is it always you who dies, Max?
(MAX PAUL groaning.)
THE DOCTOR: Max?
MAX PAUL: Stay back. Don't look at me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, here we go. The great actor.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not so sure.
(Door opened.)
MOTHER BAROQUE: Keep away from him.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, it's you.
THE DOCTOR: And you are...?
MAX PAUL: Mother ... Mother ... it hurts.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Yes. The quantagram is failing.
(MAX PAUL groans.)
LUCIE MILLER: Did you say quantagram?
THE DOCTOR: She did. Nice horns, Mother.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but they're not real either.
THE DOCTOR: Well, of course they're real.
LUCIE MILLER: They are?
MOTHER BAROQUE: They are.
MAX PAUL: Oh, Mother! The pain! Baa!
LUCIE MILLER: He really isn't acting is he?
(Dripping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, God! What are those, on his face?
THE DOCTOR: Scars, Lucie. They're scars.
LUCIE MILLER: Scars? But they're just ... coming out of nowhere. Max?
MAX PAUL: Mother! Please!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh Doctor, what the heck is going on?
THE DOCTOR: Those, Lucie, are the marks of ten thousand assassinations.

[Part Two]

LUCIE MILLER: What have they done to you? Max?
MAX PAUL: Being the Scapegoat is a great honour, but it is not without inconvenience.
THE DOCTOR: Scapegoat?
MOTHER BAROQUE: It is part of our tradition that ... the goat shall bear unto him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Suffer for the rest of the tribe? Then be driven out into the wilderness? That doesn't sound like much of an honour to me.
MOTHER BAROQUE: You know nothing of our ways.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I think I've seen enough of your ways, don't you, Mother? You drag my ship to Earth, you abducted my friend, you hid my own TARDIS from me, using the same technology you've been using to conceal the scars of the ten thousand night's torment you've inflicted upon this creature in the name of entertainment.
(THE DOCTOR's voice with exaggerated baa-ing at "I" and "more", as though this is how MOTHER BAROQUE hears him)
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. I should say I've seen more, far more than enough.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Your bleating is of no concern to me.
THE DOCTOR: Bleating?
MOTHER BAROQUE: I can't hear you.

LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I don't think she's listening, Doctor.
(Door opens, walking in.)
DOC BAROQUE: Lucie is quite correct. Mother really isn't listening.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, look who's here.
DOC BAROQUE: She only hears what she wants to hear.
(Door closing and walking.)
DOC BAROQUE: A small device in her frontal lobe transforms anything she doesn't like the sound of into meaningless babble. Best to stick to "Yes, Mother."
THE DOCTOR: And you are...?
LUCIE MILLER: Doc Baroque, he calls himself.
MOTHER BAROQUE: So if you wish to see your Time and Space machine again, it would be better to spare us your whining.
DOC BAROQUE: And she's back.
THE DOCTOR: W-won't one of you explain why Lucie and I have been dragged here? Why is it you've made this Max creature suffer over and over and over again and for nothing?
LUCIE MILLER: More to the point, tell us how you stuck his head back on after we saw it get chopped off.
THE DOCTOR: Oh well, I know the answer to that.
LUCIE MILLER: You do?
THE DOCTOR: They used a quantic reanimator. That much is obvious.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah, course it is.
THE DOCTOR: A quantic reanimator heals injuries by literally turning back time around the affected area.
LUCIE MILLER: What - it glued his head back onto his body?
THE DOCTOR: It reverted his neck to a time when his head was still attached to it, yes. Only it leaves a ghost of the injury that didn't happen.
MAX PAUL: Hence my scars.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Max. You poor beggar.
MOTHER BAROQUE: He is happy with his lot. Ask him.
MAX PAUL: Yes, Mother.
THE DOCTOR: So what is it you want with me, Doc?
DOC BAROQUE: With your TARDIS, you mean.
MOTHER BAROQUE: He's a Time Lord?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Weren't you listening?
THE DOCTOR: You won't get inside it without me.
DOC BAROQUE: Oh, we'll find a way.
THE DOCTOR: Tell me where it is and maybe I can help you.
(DOC BAROQUE laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's so funny?
DOC BAROQUE: Forgive me. It sounds like you're trying to call the shots.
THE DOCTOR: Just tell me what's going on.
DOC BAROQUE: You're in no position to interrogate me, Doctor.
(Walking outside the door.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Search everywhere. Leave no stone unturned.
LEUTNANT: Yes, Herr Major. You men, take the rooms to the right.
(Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: No, but they are.
LUCIE MILLER: Who are they, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: The Gestapo.
LUCIE MILLER: You're kidding!
DOC BAROQUE: Alas not.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Get rid of them. We do not want humans knowing our secrets.

LEUTNANT: Look, Herr Major. I found these.
(Chain rattling.)
LEUTNANT: Restraints, handcuffs. Instruments of torture.
MAJOR TREPTOW: For use in Baroque's revolting plays, no doubt.
LEUTNANT: Er ... yes, of course.
MAJOR TREPTOW: They offend all public decency.
(Door opened.)

LEUTNANT: Then why has this Baroque not been sent away, along with astrologers, magicians, and other degenerates?
DOC BAROQUE: Because this Baroque has friends in high places. Is that not so, Major Treptow?
MAJOR TREPTOW: You!
DOC BAROQUE: I'm delighted you remember me.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Wearing those absurd Walpurgis night horns? How could I forget?
DOC BAROQUE: Can I help you, Herr Major? I regret the props are not for sale.
MAJOR TREPTOW: I am searching for the pilot of an invisible aircraft, detected in the area of Montmarte.
LEUTNANT: Have you seen him?
DOC BAROQUE: Not if he's invisible too.
(MAJOR TREPTOW sighs.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Just search the dressing-rooms, Leutnant.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major.

(MAX PAUL groans.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor, what do we do?
THE DOCTOR: You sit tight, keep Max quiet. Mother too.
(She bleats.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't worry. She's under again. Hey, hey, you're not going.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's me they're after. Whatever it is these Baroques are up to, it won't be made better by having the Gestapo tramp their jackboots all over it.
LUCIE MILLER: No way!
THE DOCTOR: I won't let them take you either.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but
THE DOCTOR: Besides, it's too good an opportunity.
LUCIE MILLER: For what?
THE DOCTOR: To find the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: The Gestapo located it in the first place. They had the equipment to locate again.
LEUTNANT: Clear. And the next.
THE DOCTOR: That's us.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, they're Nazis.
THE DOCTOR: I've dealt with worse. Not often, mind.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!

DOC BAROQUE: The invisible man you're looking for, Herr Major, I think I see him.
MAJOR TREPTOW: What? Hands up!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, I surrender.
(Walking over.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Ah! The mysterious Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Enjoy the backstage tour, did you? All those pliers and hooks and branding irons must have made you feel quite at home.
MAJOR TREPTOW: If you're hoping to goad me into striking you, Herr Doctor, you're very much mistaken.
THE DOCTOR: That's something...
MAJOR TREPTOW: I am a professional. I apply precise pain to the precise place to achieve the precise result.
THE DOCTOR: Good. So long as you take no personal pleasure in it.
LEUTNANT: Explain your presence at the Théâtre des Baroques.
THE DOCTOR: I just ducked in here to avoid you lot.
DOC BAROQUE: As a matter of fact...
MAJOR TREPTOW: What?
DOC BAROQUE: I was about to hand this man over to you.
MAJOR TREPTOW: I do hope so.
DOC BAROQUE: He described his aircraft as a TARDIS. He came to me for assistance in hiding it but of course, I couldn't possibly have anything to do with an enemy of the Reich.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Of course not.

DOC BAROQUE: I trust you are satisfied?
MAJOR TREPTOW: For now.
DOC BAROQUE: Then if you'll excuse me, the auditorium needs ... cleaning.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Thank you for your ... co-operation, Baroque, but be advised, not even the Reichsmarschal can protect a traitor.
DOC BAROQUE: No. Good night, Herr Major.
THE DOCTOR: Be seeing you, Doc.
(Walking off.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: We will have to discuss your identity further at headquarters, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Marvellous.
MAJOR TREPTOW: But before we do, your er, sonic device?
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Of course. Here you go.
LEUTNANT: Careful.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry about the jolt before, Herr Major. I hope you've recovered. It was actually quite a mild one.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Mild compared to the one you are about to receive. Leutnant, escort the Doctor to Rue Foch.
LEUTNANT: The prisoner will march. Left-right, left-right, left-right, left-right, left-right...

(Door opened.)
MOTHER BAROQUE: Are they leaving? Son?
DOC BAROQUE: For now.
MOTHER BAROQUE: He's a dangerous man, the Major. You should keep on the right side of him.
DOC BAROQUE: No. He'll need me to uncover the Time Lord's vessel. He'll deliver it to me, in time.
MOTHER BAROQUE: And the Time Lord himself?
DOC BAROQUE: Oh, he'll be back for the girl.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Assuming he's still alive.
DOC BAROQUE: The Major needs him too. It's not a question of whether or not he lives, it's a question of whether or not he's still in one piece once they've finished with him at Rue Foch. Yes, Prisoner of the Gestapo. I think I feel a new play coming on.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Idiot. There will be no more plays if we have no star.
DOC BAROQUE: Then we'd best get our star back in the reanimator, hadn't we?

(Humming of reanimator machine in background.)
LUCIE MILLER: So this is the thing they use to keep you alive?
MAX PAUL: The reanimator. I got used to it after my first thousand deaths.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, it's sick. How many more times are you going to let them do this to you, Max?
MAX PAUL: Just once more.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? Why? Are we going to get away?
MAX PAUL: Lucie, why do you think the clan Baroque brought your time ship to ground tonight?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know.
MAX PAUL: Well, the reanimator is becoming less and less effective. It can only be restored by siphoning power from a time machine.
LUCIE MILLER: So that's why you lot want the TARDIS.
MAX PAUL: They projected a quantic beam into the Vortex to stop any passing time ship in its tracks. Once Doc Baroque has recovered the Doctor's capsule the cycle can begin again. But I won't be here to see it, I think.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
MAX PAUL: My - my body cannot hold. Not with the reanimator running at such reduced power. No, tomorrow night will be Max Paul's final performance, and then ... then they will choose a new Scapegoat.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but why? What's all this in aid of? Max?
MAX PAUL: Tradition, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Tradition? But
MAX PAUL: Now please, I need to rest. I need to sleep.
LUCIE MILLER: Wake up, Max. Max!
MAX PAUL: Sleep.

(Walking.)
LEUTNANT: We kept the prisoner awake all night, as you requested, Herr Major.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Good, good.
(Cell door opened. Walking in.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Good morning, Doctor. Shall we begin?
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm hardly sitting comfortably, but do go on.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Leave us, Leutnant.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major.
(Walking out, cell door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's better. Just the two of us.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Name?
THE DOCTOR: The Doctor.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Rank?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... Prydonian renegade?
MAJOR TREPTOW: Serial number?
THE DOCTOR: Six eight four, three G S.
MAJOR TREPTOW: That is the licence plate of my car.
THE DOCTOR: What an amazing coincidence.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Is your aircraft a bomber or a fighter?
THE DOCTOR: It's unarmed.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Do you expect me to believe such an advanced aircraft would not carry weapons?
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps that's *why* it's so advanced.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Where did it come down?
THE DOCTOR: Name, rank and serial number is all you're getting.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Where is it?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry.
MAJOR TREPTOW: I will tell you what *I* believe, Doctor. You are an RAF scientist testing a secret prototype with a camouflage system that enables it to merge with its surroundings.
THE DOCTOR: No comment.
MAJOR TREPTOW: It's the only explanation of how it could vanish in the middle of Montmartre.
THE DOCTOR: No comment.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Do you know what time it is?
THE DOCTOR: I would tell you if you hadn't taken my fob watch.
MAJOR TREPTOW: It is dawn. Listen.
THE DOCTOR: I don't hear anything.
(Gunshot outside.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Dawn.
THE DOCTOR: I suppose you think that's clever.
MAJOR TREPTOW: That is what happens to those who do not co-operate. Now, where is it? Where is your aircraft!

LUCIE MILLER: Max? You awake, Max?
MAX PAUL: Is it...
LUCIE MILLER: Morning, yeah. I've got a plan, Max. This quantagram doodah, you can use it to disguise people, right? Not just things?
MAX PAUL: Of course.
LUCIE: MILLER: And you know how to work it?
MAX PAUL: I understand the principle, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Then you can use it on me.
MAX PAUL: Oh, Lucie, you're more than beautiful enough.
LUCIE MILLER: Get off. Look, I want to get into Gestapo HQ. You know, to rescue the Doctor. I figured if I was a stormtrooper or something, you know, nothing flash.
MAX PAUL: And the stormtrooper would have the authority to release the Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: Hm. Good point. All right, Hermann Goering, then.
MAX PAUL: Who's well known for his Northern English accent.
LUCIE MILLER: Then you're the great actor, Max. Will you do it?
MAX PAUL: I ... I
LUCIE MILLER: Me?

MAJOR TREPTOW: Well?
THE DOCTOR: You need to watch your blood pressure, Herr Major.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Don't...
THE DOCTOR: All right, all right! All right. It's a self-camouflaging experimental aircraft. I was supposed to pick up an agent of ours and take her back to London.
MAJOR TREPTOW: I knew it. And the location?
THE DOCTOR: By now it'll have been moved by the Resistance. It could be anywhere in Paris, but...
MAJOR TREPTOW: No, no, no.
THE DOCTOR: There is a way to locate it, however.
MAJOR TREPTOW: This will not do, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: But I'll need to tune your tracking equipment to its signal.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Ah. And you will ride with me in the direction-finding car, I suppose.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, that's a thought.
MAJOR TREPTOW: You will give *me* the frequency, or...
THE DOCTOR: Shoot me, then.
MAJOR TREPTOW: What?
THE DOCTOR: You heard. Shoot me.
MAJOR TREPTOW: If this is a trick, Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: You'll be able to watch me at all times. What have you got to lose?

(Door creaks open.)
LUCIE MILLER: No-one about.
MAX PAUL: We don't have much time. If I'm caught...
LUCIE MILLER: You said it yourself. It's your last night anyhow.
MAX PAUL: Oh Lucie, you don't understand.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah - tradition.
MAX PAUL: It's more than that.
LUCIE MILLER: All righty. Quantagram machine. What do we do?
MAX PAUL: Just place your hoof on the touchpad and cycle through the menu
LUCIE MILLER: Er, hoof?
(Door opens. MAX PAUL gasps.)
MOTHER BAROQUE: Problem?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh heck.
MAX PAUL: Mother. I - I was just...
DOC BAROQUE: Just what, Max?
LUCIE MILLER: You too. Look, he only wanted to help us, all right?
MOTHER BAROQUE: And why is that, hmm? Why is that, Max?
DOC BAROQUE: Ah, he's in love.
MAX PAUL: No.
MOTHER BAROQUE: In love with human prey?
DOC BAROQUE: Wait till I tell the rest of the clan. They'll make the last day of his life hell.
MOTHER BAROQUE: We should think of something special for the show.
DOC BAROQUE: Maybe all of us could tear him limb from limb.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, just leave him be, all right? If you want to have a pop at anyone, have a pop at me.
MOTHER BAROQUE: And what would be the point of that?
DOC BAROQUE: You are not our Scapegoat.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, what is it with this Scapegoat thing?
MOTHER BAROQUE: We all of us need a Scapegoat, girl.
DOC BAROQUE: In every family, in every school, in every workplace, there's always someone being picked on.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Why is that, do you think?
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... I don't know. Human nature, I suppose.
MOTHER BAROQUE: It is nature's full stop.
DOC BAROQUE: Exactly. So rather than pretend it doesn't happen, which is what everybody else does...
LUCIE MILLER: It's what the Nazis do.
DOC BAROQUE: No, no, no. We of the clan Baroque, we reverence the Scapegoat. Don't we, Max?

(MAX PAUL gasps as though being grabbed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, leave him be!
MAX PAUL: Lucie, have you ever met other victims? People who terrible things always seem to happen to?
LUCIE MILLER: Some people do seem unlucky, yes.
MAX PAUL: Well - when do they ever stop being victims?
LUCIE MILLER: I'd need to think about that.
MAX PAUL: Well, I'll tell you. Never!
DOC BAROQUE: Very good, Max.
(MAX PAUL cries out.)
MOTHER BAROQUE: The Scapegoat is right. It is who they're meant to be.
DOC BAROQUE: There are two types of people in this life. People who do things, and people who have things done to them.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Hunters and prey.
DOC BAROQUE: Which one are you?
MOTHER BAROQUE: Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: I ... I don't know what you're on about.
MAX PAUL: Don't hurt her, Mother. Please!

(Vehicle driving.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Doctor, we have wasted hours...
THE DOCTOR: Left here, left here. I think.
LEUTNANT: We're driving round in circles.
THE DOCTOR: We're following a systematic pattern. Which just happens to entail driving round in circles. Look, a bit...
MAJOR TREPTOW: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Ah. You see, do you see? Marvellous things, these valve-operated receivers.
LEUTNANT: Approaching the Sacre-Coeur Basilica, Herr Major.
THE DOCTOR: Valves are very underrated, you know. No problems with electromagnetism. They'll keep going long after...
MAJOR TREPTOW: Concentrate on your work, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I love the car too, by the way. Citroen Eleven. Classic lines. Much like my TARD... Stop.
(Vehicle stops.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: The Place du Tertre. After you, Doctor.
(Bells ringing - clock chiming, pigeon sounds. Coming out of car.)
THE DOCTOR: Four hours to go.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Doctor, there is nothing here but pigeons.
THE DOCTOR: Nonsense, there are plenty of places it could be ... Oh.
MAJOR TREPTOW: A pity. Leutnant, return the Doctor to Rue Foch.
LEUTNANT: Herr Major.
THE DOCTOR: No, I mean, I - I know what it's disguised as.
LEUTNANT: There is nothing.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Save for two Morris columns.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Two Morris columns side by side.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Why would one place two Morris columns side by side?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Come on.
(Walking.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: But this is incredible camouflage. So your aircraft changes its appearance wherever you land?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... Let's not get into that.
LEUTNANT: But which one is it?
THE DOCTOR: I see. Proclamation from the occupying authority warning of severe punishment for acts of sabotage, advert for Vichy water, Edith Piaf concert at the Babino ... Non, je ne regrette rien.
LEUTNANT: Which one, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: The one with the out-of-date notices, of course.
MAJOR TREPTOW: It really feels like a Morris column. But where is the cockpit? On top? Underneath?
THE DOCTOR: I'll show you. But I'll need my sonic screwdriver.

MAJOR TREPTOW: It acts as a key, of course. But...
THE DOCTOR: Herr Major, you are no fool. Even I wouldn't try the same trick twice.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Leutnant, give the Doctor his sonic device.
LEUTNANT: But...
MAJOR TREPTOW: Just do it!
LEUTNANT: Herr Major.
(Clink of metal.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Now, stand well back.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Back. Back!
THE DOCTOR: Now, watch this.
(Sonic screwdriver whirrs.)
THE DOCTOR: Marvellous things, valves. Only trouble is, they're susceptible on the higher frequencies.
MAJOR TREPTOW: What?
(Bang.)
LEUTNANT: The radio car! We're under attack!
MAJOR TREPTOW: Fool! It's him. The Doctor.
LEUTNANT: I cannot see...
(Shouts.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: He's getting away!
(Shouts, shots. TARDIS dematerialisation.)
LEUTNANT: Herr Major. The column is gone.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Yes! And with it my chances of escaping Paris.

LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) Oi! Help! Help me! Get me out of here!
(Bell rings. Walking in.)
DOC BAROQUE: Five minutes.
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) You! Get me out of here, you...
DOC BAROQUE: Lucie Miller. If it's any consolation, the rack is a genuine antique. It's said to have come from the Bastille.
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) Eugh! Thank you, David Dickinson!
(Referring to an antiques expert of the time.)
DOC BAROQUE: Now, promise not to scream, but I've brought someone here to see you.
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) The...
(The gag is removed.)
LUCIE MILLER: The Doctor?
DOC BAROQUE: Alas, no. Mother is casting the quantic beam again tonight. It looks like we're just going to have to ensnare another time capsule.
LUCIE MILLER: Then...
DOC BAROQUE: I know. Pity. Still, it's not like you haven't a friend in the world. Admittedly, he will be dead by the end of the night.
LUCIE MILLER: Max.
(Walking in.)
MAX PAUL: Lucie. I just wanted to say adieu.
LUCIE MILLER: Max, please. Wake up and smell the Americano. You're going to your death.
MAX PAUL: Yes, like Sidney Carton in A Tale Of Two Cities, who died on the guillotine for his friends. He was in love with a Lucy, you know.
DOC BAROQUE: Oh, please. Any number of mutilations and eviscerations I can take, but this?
MAX PAUL: Goodbye, Countess.
(Kiss, blown at her. Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Come back! Max! This is insane! Max!

(Audience sounds.)
ROGER: Oh. I ... I can't believe you've talked me into coming back here.
HELENE: Shh, Roger! It's just, I like it so very much.
ROGER: Now ... I don't think you're well, Helene.
(Organ music starts.)
HELENE: Look! Here we go.
(Gasps. Walking forwards.)
DOC BAROQUE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you for taking your lives in

your hands to come here tonight.
ROGER: (gasp.) He's got hooves, to go with the horns.
HELENE: Roger!
DOC BAROQUE: I'm told Montmartre is a thieves' paradise where no-one dare walk the streets after dark, but the other night I stood in the Place Pigalle counting my money, and nobody tried to mug me.
(Audience laughter.)
DOC BAROQUE: Why are you laughing? I don't understand. But I regret to announce that this performance by Max Paul, the most assassinated man in the world, will be his last.
(Gasps.)
HELENE: No!
ROGER: Shh!
HELENE: No!
ROGER: Helene. You're making a scene.
DOC BAROQUE: Tonight he dies for the final time.
(Audience "whoo" sound.)

LUCIE MILLER: Somebody, please!
DOC BAROQUE: (off) The scene once again is the Bastille, at the height of the Terror.
MAX PAUL: (off) My beautiful friend. I am so sorry to find you here a prisoner. It is so long since we were children in the fields of Provence.
MOTHER BAROQUE: (off) Do I know you? A common soldier?
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! That's my part! The cow!
MAX PAUL: (off) But of course. We were lovers...
(TARDIS materialises over speech by MAX PAUL.)
LUCIE MILLER: What? I don't believe it.
(Door opens. Walking out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor! Where have you been?
THE DOCTOR: Murder getting here. Had to dodge a quantic beam in the Vortex.
LUCIE MILLER: Pardon?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, been speed-reading about the Baroques. Soon have you free.
(Untying ropes.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah - the TARDIS is a Morris Column?
THE DOCTOR: Hold still. Hang on.
(Sonic screwdriver. TARDIS noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Better.
THE DOCTOR: Back to a police box. Very persistent, these quantagrams. As I was saying, I've been reading ancient history. Fascinating people, these Baroques. Here, how's that?
LUCIE MILLER: Better.
THE DOCTOR: And as for what happens to them in the hunting season, well...
LUCIE MILLER: No time, Doctor. Max is going to his death.
THE DOCTOR: So soon?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. We've got to stop him. Come on!
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie! ... You can't reason with him. Lucie!

MAX PAUL: The mob are baying for blood. I said the mob are baying for blood.
(Crowd sounds, including a woman saying "chop his head off.")
MOTHER BAROQUE: My darling, I am not worthy.
MAX PAUL: No. I shall prove myself deserving of your love. It is time for my date with ... Madame Guillotine!
(Running.)
LUCIE MILLER: Stop!
MOTHER BAROQUE: You! What do you think you're doing?
HELENE: It's her. The little scrubber from last night.
ROGER: Have they changed the script, do you think?
LUCIE MILLER: This is all wrong. The Doctor will explain.
MAX PAUL: Lucie, I must die. My sacrifice is necessary.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Curtain. Curtain!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no you don't.

MAX PAUL: It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done.
THE DOCTOR: It's not. It's a far, far worse thing.
(Audience consternation.)
ROGER: Who's that?
HELENE: The physician. The one who helped revive you.
ROGER: Well, he's in aristo gear, he must be part of the show.
THE DOCTOR: People of Paris, I am here to tell you a tale of blood, and horror, and pointless, endless death.
DOC BAROQUE: Oh, the curtain. Must I do everything myself?
(Walking off quickly.)
LUCIE MILLER: Lay off the curtain, Doc!
(Thump. DOC BAROQUE gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: A long time ago on a world far removed from our own, there lived a species known as the Baroques.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Doctor, you will die for this.
THE DOCTOR: An advanced, intelligent species, but they were at the mercy of their biology, for when the hunting season came upon them, they changed - became wild, ferocious, cannibalistic. They couldn't stop themselves.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Don't listen to him. This is not tonight's story.
THE DOCTOR: This is *exactly* tonight's story. And so to survive, they siphoned their bloodlust into ritualised form. Each tribe nominated a Scapegoat onto whom they project their bloodlust. The Scapegoat would suffer, to stop the rest of their tribe from tearing each other apart.

DOC BAROQUE: Get off me. Ba-aa!
LUCIE MILLER: Just let them listen, goat boy.
DOC BAROQUE: Never!
(LUCIE MILLER grunts, thump.)

THE DOCTOR: But then a catastrophe befell their planet. The surviving clans were dispersed across the galaxy. One tribe came here, to France.
HELENE: This is boring. Show us the blood!
(Man in crowd agrees.)
HELENE: Blood! Blood! Blood!
(Crowd start to chant "Blood!" repeatedly.)
DOC BAROQUE: Silence!
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, Doctor. He's too strong.
DOC BAROQUE: Yes, Doctor. When we arrived here, this was a feudal society. Prey was easy to find. The hunting was good.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Oh, the good old days.
DOC BAROQUE: But we're strictly legal now. We're in those food queues with everyone else.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah - no-one notices demons walking the street with the Nazis around.
DOC BAROQUE: The Theatre of Terror is a way of keeping our old traditions alive. It also pays the bills.
THE DOCTOR: But you've outgrown this, you Baroques, you've changed. Evolved. You needn't do this any more, you don't need a Scapegoat.
LUCIE MILLER: So let him live.
MOTHER BAROQUE: (Bleats.) Not listening. (Bleats.) La-la-la-la, baa-aa, baa-baa!
MAX PAUL: Doctor, tell me one victim, one Scapegoat who has ever changed their destiny.
THE DOCTOR: That's easy.
MAX PAUL: Who?
THE DOCTOR: Me.
DOC BAROQUE: You were a Scapegoat?
THE DOCTOR: The black sheep of the Time Lords. The one who didn't fit in. Driven out by my people into the deserts of Time and Space.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm? Really?
THE DOCTOR: Kind of.
MAX PAUL: And - and you changed?
THE DOCTOR: Eight times. Tragedy doesn't have to be the end, Max. It can be a new opportunity. Scapegoats can escape their destiny.
MAX PAUL: But ... my - my people are relying on me.

THE DOCTOR: There's a better way. Return to your home world.
MAX PAUL: Return?
THE DOCTOR: I've been there, Max. It's better now. In fact, it's blooming again.
DOC BAROQUE: Impossible.
(As THE DOCTOR speaks the chanting stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Ladies and gentlemen, there will now be a short intermission.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: The curtain, Lucie, please.
(Curtain being lowered.)
ROGER: Oh. What - what's going on?
HELENE: It's obvious, isn't it? The German censors have removed the execution scene.

DOC BAROQUE: Is this true? Our home world?
THE DOCTOR: I've been there, Doc, not half an hour ago. I mean, clearly it was visited by some cosmic catastrophe thousands of years ago, but it's perfect for you now.
DOC BAROQUE: You mean we could leave this civilisation behind? We could be the howl in the woods again running wild and free?
MOTHER BAROQUE: There must be a Scapegoat. It is our tradition.
THE DOCTOR: Your tradition is a ritualised version of your own history.
LUCIE MILLER: And anyway, your quantic whatsits are out of juice. You can't carry on the way you are.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Oh, but we can. The Time Lord, with his ability to regenerate over and over again - he shall be the new Scapegoat.
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Hold him, son!
(Gasp as though THE DOCTOR is being held.)
LUCIE MILLER: Get off him!
THE DOCTOR: I can regenerate, true, but my head won't grow back on my shoulders if you chop it off.
(Audience chanting starts up in the background.)
MOTHER BAROQUE: We can burn him, gas him, poison him, over and over and over again.
DOC BAROQUE: Yes. Yes.
MOTHER BAROQUE: But first, the old Scapegoat must die.
MAX PAUL: Yes, Mother.
LUCIE MILLER: Max, no!
MOTHER BAROQUE: Listen. Listen! The punters are crying out for a show.

(Audience chants continue. Door thump. Machine gun burst.)
HELENE: Oh my God!
ROGER: Oh. The Bosch.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Enough. Enough! Ladies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats. Geheime Staatzpolitzei security check.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. The Gestapo!
THE DOCTOR: There's no time to lose. Mother, the word Scapegoat means escape goat. They escaped, so can you.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Oh, stop bleating. Blood they want, is it? I'll give them blood.
(Walking off.)
DOC BAROQUE: Mother, don't go. They'll kill you. Mother!

(Marching.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Arrest everyone backstage. I'm closing down the theatre.
MOTHER BAROQUE: No! There *will* be blood.
ROGER: Oh ... They're going on with the show?
HELENE: Just keep your head down, Roger!
MAJOR TREPTOW: You, hag. Order your players to assemble.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Yes. Yes. Baroques, assemble!
LEUTNANT: Mein Gott! Demons! Major, the boxes - they are demons!
MAJOR TREPTOW: It is another trick, Leutnant. Men in costumes.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Tonight is the night of the goat. Baroques, kill them!
LEUTNANT: Open fire!

(Shots. Chaotic bleatings.)

LUCIE MILLER: It's all kicking off.
THE DOCTOR: Horns and claws are no match for bullets. There's going to be a terrible slaughter.
LUCIE MILLER: Then how do we stop it?
THE DOCTOR: We give the Major what he wants, and what he wants is the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: Max, I need you to show me how to work the quantagram machine.
MAX PAUL: I ... I'm not sure...
LUCIE MILLER: He knows how. We were going to...
THE DOCTOR: Good. Doc, call off the Baroques, lead them backstage.
DOC BAROQUE: But Mother says...
THE DOCTOR: Yes, the time for being demons is over.
DOC BAROQUE: We are hunters.
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, goats are great at adapting. That's why you turned your old hunting ways into theatre. Just do it, Doc.
LUCIE MILLER: What's the plan? Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, take my key, let the Baroques into the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: But...
THE DOCTOR: No arguing.

(Audience panic sounds.)
LEUTNANT: There he is! Doc Baroque!
DOC BAROQUE: My brothers, back. Fall back.
MOTHER BAROQUE: Never. Never surrender. We have lived as hunters. We shall die as hunters. And these Nazis shall be our...
(Shots. MOTHER BAROQUE screams. Falling.)
DOC BAROQUE: Mother?
(Bleating.)
ROGER: Well ... is it over?
HELENE: I ... I don't know.
MAJOR TREPTOW: You will all surrender.
DOC BAROQUE: Retreat, brother Baroques, I order you, retreat.
(Many hooves galloping off.)
LEUTNANT: They're running backstage. Herr Major, they're...
MAJOR TREPTOW: Baroque, give me the Doctor. Baroque!
DOC BAROQUE: And so as love lies bleeding in the Place De La Revolution, I bid you all good night, from the Théâtre des Baroques.
LEUTNANT: After them!
MAJOR TREPTOW: Wait. Wait!
(Sound of stage curtain being lifted up.)
HELENE: The curtain. Someone's raising the curtain.
ROGER: Oh God, there's more.
HELENE: But ... Oh - they've changed the setting. That's not the guillotine of the Place De La Révolution. That's a...
ROGER: A Morris column?
(THE DOCTOR coughing to attract attention. Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Major Treptow?
MAJOR TREPTOW: Herr Doctor. Another trick?
THE DOCTOR: No trick. I've come to give you what you want.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Your invisible aircraft?
THE DOCTOR: TARDIS is its name. All I ask is for the killing to stop.
MAJOR TREPTOW: You men, cover him. Leutnant, with me.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I was rather hoping to get away.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Not a chance! Leutnant, if he moves a muscle, shoot him in the head.
LEUTNANT: Yes, Herr Major.
(Gun cocked.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm hardly able to get away, am I, in front of all these people?
MAJOR TREPTOW: I would believe almost anything of you, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I mean, it's not like I'm on stage, standing directly above a trap door, is it?
MAJOR TREPTOW: Trap door?
THE DOCTOR: Max!
(Trap door operated. Audience laughter. Machine gun fire.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Too late, you fool!
(Laughter continues.)
LEUTNANT: Stop laughing. You will all stop laughing!
MAJOR TREPTOW: No matter. He cannot escape the cordon around the theatre.
ROGER: Invisible aircraft? (Laughs.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Who said that? Answer! This *is* a secret Allied aircraft, it is not a Morris column. And I, Major Treptow, have captured it for the glory of the Reich.
(Laughter continues from the audience.)
MAJOR TREPTOW: Imbeciles! There is a door! I shall show you. Open it, Leutnant.
LEUTNANT: Er ... I do not know how.
MAJOR TREPTOW: Stop laughing! I order you! Stop laughing!
ROGER: (laughs.) I tell you, Helene, I shan't miss the Théâtre des Baroques, but these two - now, they're funny.
(Laughter continues.)

(Outside.)
LUCIE MILLER: You did what?
THE DOCTOR: Used the quantagram to turn the guillotine into a Morris column. I expect the Major is still trying to open it now.
(Bleating in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but ... you left the Nazis with all that quanto gear. What if they use it?
THE DOCTOR: Given that the Major is going to have his work cut out persuading High Command that a Morris Column is in fact a top secret Allied aircraft, I don't think there's much danger of his being taken seriously, do you?
LUCIE MILLER: Guess not. So, you think this lot are going to be all right here?
THE DOCTOR: It seems fertile enough. Fruits, nuts, turnips.
LUCIE MILLER: I suppose goats will eat absolutely anything. What's Doc Baroque doing over there?
THE DOCTOR: Scent marking.
LUCIE MILLER: Eurgh. Lovely. Not seen Max, have you?
THE DOCTOR: I hate to say it, but I think I saw him slope off with a girl with curly horns.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, charming. By the way, what you said, about the way you were a Scapegoat too, exiled from your home planet and that...
THE DOCTOR: Oh, that. What about it?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'm sorry.
THE DOCTOR: Don't be. Like they say in France...
LUCIE MILLER: What? Je ne regrette rien?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly, Miss Miller, and besides, that was several lifetimes ago. A lot of Time has flowed under the bridge since all that happened to me.
LUCIE MILLER: Do you, I mean, do you still think about Orbis? Your life back there?
THE DOCTOR: Well... why do you ask?
LUCIE MILLER: Sometimes I look at you and, well, you look ... sad.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, there's a lot of darkness out there. Some of it where Orbis used to be. But you know something? We wouldn't notice any of it if it weren't for all those little pin-pricks of light. Planets and stars. And that's where I go whenever I feel sad. The next bit of light in the darkness. Keep on moving, never look back. Well, hardly ever.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm really glad I found you again.
THE DOCTOR: We'd better make the most of it then. Come on.